HOLY KASHI

As the haven is to the wrecked mariner and home to the exile, as food is to the starving and love to the lonely, so is the holy city of Benares to the Hindu. It is here the man of business comes to end his days in peaceful calm, and hither alike the Raja and the beggar wends his steps from the uttermost parts of India, to seek spiritual blessings on the shores of the holy mother Ganges. The one stays in his river-palace, resembling in size and build a Piccadilly mansion ; the other establishes himself on his wooden plank under a rush umbrella ; but the end and aim of both is the same. Would you know what the city is like, this magnetic loadstar of India, which draws all men into it ? Then picture a broad and stately river, wide as our Thames at West-minster, but sparkling under sunshine and blue skies, its banks lined for miles by stately palaces, and with the richly-carved spires of the temples spiking the blue in all directions, each surmounted by a golden banneret. Broad

steps